

become ugly but not real, just  
inhuman and unjust.

he's home with Mina by

5.

maybe they'll eat

in,

maybe they'll go to

Canter's.

wise old Brooklyn Red,

he's seen more than

he'd care to talk

about.

and Paris is dead now

and so is Henry Miller

but down there on skid

row Hollywood

with only Musso's and

Frederick's left,

there's still a little

bit of the old

Paris

and a large touch of

class:

Red Stodolsky.

## FREE DINNER

I was still the starving writer when I met this beautiful  
lady who was young educated rich I really can't  
remember how that all came about she had come to my  
court a few times for brief visits "I don't want sex"  
she told me "I want you to understand this" "o.k,"  
I said "no sex"

one night she invited me to dinner on her she  
arrived in her Porsche and we were off

the table was in front it was a fancy place I suppose  
and there was a fellow with a violin and a fellow at the  
piano

I ordered a wine and then we ordered dinner it was quiet  
and I was hungry and thirsty it was a good red wine

it went quickly and I ordered another

"tell me about your writing" she said



"no no" I said

dinner arrived I had ordered a porterhouse and fries  
she had something delicate I don't know what it was  
we began eating then

she started talking it began easily enough something  
about an art exhibit I nodded her on

being an almost starving writer it didn't take me  
very long to finish my plate

she began talking about the life of Mozart putting  
small bits of food into her mouth

I poured more wine

then she started talking about saving the American Indian

I ordered another bottle of wine

the waiter took our plates and she began to pour her  
own wine

she told me that Immanuel Kant had a most brilliant mind  
astonishingly brilliant

her voice was getting louder and louder and she spoke more  
and more rapidly

then the guy at the piano started in and the guy with the  
violin joined him

she raised her voice to be heard over the music

she was back to saving the American Indian

I began getting a headache I sat and listened to her and  
my headache got worse

she began to explain to me what Jean Paul Sartre really  
meant

the guy at the piano and the guy with the violin got  
louder and louder

I waved my arms at her and yelled "LOOK LET'S GO TO MY  
PLACE!"

she paid the bill and I got her out of there she talked  
all the way back to my place then she parked and  
came on in



I had some scotch      I poured the scotch      I sat on the couch  
and she sat on a      chair across the room      talking loudly  
and rapidly

she was on Vivaldi      on and on about Vivaldi

she stopped to light a cigarette      and I got to speak

"look"      I told her      "I don't want      to fuck you"

she jumped up      knocked over her      drink      began prancing  
about the floor      "oh      hahaha!      I know you want      to  
fuck me!"

then she went into some type of      whirling dance      holding  
her cigarette      over her head      she was very awkward  
breathing heavily      and staring at me

"I have a headache"      I told her      "I want to go to bed and  
rest"

"haha!      you're trying to trick me      into bed!"

then she sat down and looked at      me

"I'm not going to let you fuck      me"

"please don't"      I said

"tell me about your writing"      she said

"look"      I said      "Will you please      get out of here and  
leave me      alone?"

"ha!"      she jumped up

"ha      you men are all alike!      all you think about is  
fucking!"

"I don't have the slightest desire      to fuck you"

"haha!      you expect me to believe      that?"

she grabbed her purse      ran toward the door      then she was  
out of there      slamming it

and my beautiful      rich      educated      lady was gone  
forever